

Aceyalone, Moonlit Skies

(Yeah...)
(Feels good)

[Chorus]

There's moonlit skies in the middle of the night
It's so surreal but it don't seem right
Look into the light with all your might and sprite
Take it to new heights, you're ready for the fight

[Aceyalone]

They start to swarm you, they never warn you
Jumping all on you and tryin' to harm you
If I was you which I'm hardly not
I'd tighten up game so I never get caught again
On again, off again, in again, out again
In the streets, in the pen, life's a whirlwind
Wife or girlfriend or just a mistress
Momma, daughter, grandma, the wife or sista
You can't resist it, you can't deny it
You can't reply, ya can't lie, ya can't get by
Ain't shit funny with a blinded eye?
I find it I just wanna scream mutha f**ka die

[Chorus] - 2X

[Aceyalone]

Itty bitty footsteps, aches and pains
You wanna stake the claim
Someone should fake the game
Your indian dance don't make it rain
But it make it little harder try to break the chains
It's all the same, it's all in vain
All-City, all-state, all Terrain
But all somebody's wanna make a name
But it's all in the famly and all contained
I hope this dope don't kill you fast
Skills won't last, still in the past
Roll in the fast lane til' you crash
Now put your hands in the air, feel the blast
What's the conclusion about the solution pollution
I'm still trying to figure it out
But I'm cool down here boss, whatever the cost
I'mma still keep diggin' it out

[Chorus] - 2X

[Goapele]

Your showing me what I see (what I see)
It's not how you sadden me (if it ain't real)
I'd rather be miserable (and know where I am)
Illusions never sound, so derive

[Aceyalone]

Now ron law sound so raw
I hit the mic swiftly and clown all y'all
Now all y'all wanna all choose sides
I refuse to lose, now who's gon' die?
Not me, I'mma live forever
I'mma keep it together, do the weather with a feather in my hat
However if you know any better
You know I'm a veteran I'm clever and I will be back
Im on my own, and so is you
And everything I'm telling you is oh so true
It's all so new and old school too

I know somebody's listenin' but don't know who
Talk is cheap and life is cheaper
You up to ya neck but it still gets deeper
Check your beeper, check ya watch
Check ya phone, make sure ya two ways on
Hold your horses and let em' run
Let em' out the gate and have some fun
Pick you a throughbred and be number one
And pick one more and ride off in the sun

[Chorus] - 2X